

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVI. No. 29

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THE royal coach, drawn by six snow-white horses, was waiting at the courtyard gate. The coachman sat dozing on the box. Nearby four mounted attendants were waiting for the young king.

William descended at last. The coachman came awake with a start and glared all about as if daring anybody to say he had been asleep. The four attendants took their places, two in front of the equipage, and two behind. A servant held the door open, and the young king stepped into the coach.

As they rattled through the narrow streets of Strifegrad, William noticed with some concern the black looks on the faces of the people in the poorer sections of the city. It was easy to guess their thoughts. So this was the young king they had been hearing so much about! Well, they couldn't see that he was any better than the old one!

The coach left Strifegrad and followed the broad tree-lined state highway. Peasants working in the fields stopped to stare and scowl, and several times, after the royal carriage had passed, a surly fellow shook his fist or hurled a stone at it. William wished he had ordered old Gigi to accompany him, instead of ordering him to reorganize the army.

At the first village they passed through, a noisy and unfriendly demonstration took place; but the coachman cracked his whip, the attendants drew their swords, and the people fell back.

At the second village — the large town of Kriegwallensteinberg — William thought it ought to be large with a name like that — an accident occurred, one of those little things that, though insignificant in themselves, often change the history of a great nation. As the coach was passing through the main square a little golden-haired girl ran out in front of the horses. The coachman shouted and pulled back on the lines, but one of the leading horses brushed her with his shoulder, and she fell.

His Majesty William Smith

*By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER V

Instantly there was confusion and riot. Bystanders rushed the coach, and several burly fellows seized the bridles of the leading horses. Windows flew open and heads popped out. From doorways and alleyways men and women came rushing, shouting and waving their arms. Sticks and stones began to fly.

William, who had not seen the accident, thrust his head out the window just in time to spy all his attendants including the driver disappearing down a side street, pursued by an angry mob of men and boys.

Still unaware of what had caused the trouble, William sprang out of the coach. Almost the first thing he saw was the girl on the ground. Heedless of the

threatening mob, he was at her side in an instant. He bent over her, and she opened her eyes. Blue eyes, golden hair — why, she looked like somebody — somebody he hadn't seen for a long time!

"Where are you hurt? What happened?" he cried anxiously.

"My ankle — it's sprained — I got in the way of the horses. Oh, it was all my fault!"

"It wasn't her fault!" declared a burly blacksmith.

"No, it wasn't!" echoed a score of voices, and the crowd edged threateningly closer.

"Down with the king! Down with the aristocrats!" cried a voice, and then the chorus swelled into a roar: "Down with the king!"

William drew himself erect and laid one hand on his sword. There was defiance in his eye as he faced the multitude — a young king at bay.

"Oh!" moaned the girl.

The flame of revolt suddenly died down. Hatred yielded to unwilling respect. The villagers had not expected such courageous attitude from a mere boy.

William raised his hand for silence, and the angry voices died to a murmur. "Lend a hand here, a couple of you! Can't you see the girl is in pain? Lend a hand and help her into the coach. She must have the best of attention. Make haste."

The crowd dropped their threatening attitude, and as several of the astonished burghers lifted the girl into the coach William climbed to the driver's seat and picked up the reins.

"Look out now!" he shouted. "Give us a chance to turn around! That's right. Hey, clear the way there!"

No one was more surprised than William to hear himself talk that way, and no one was more surprised than he to see the mob obey his orders.

The next moment William, who had never driven a horse before in



"A servant held the door open and the young king stepped into the coach."

his life, was driving the royal coach-and-six out of Kriegwallensteinberg into the open country — which was rather a democratic thing for a king to do. For a short distance some of the peasants followed on foot, but at the first hill they stopped and turned back.

William drove on till he came to a secluded road; then he halted the horses and climbed down. "Am I driving too fast?" he inquired.

"Oh, no; I like to drive fast," replied the girl.

"I thought maybe it might jar your ankle," William hastened to explain.

"Oh, no; my ankle feels better when it jars a little." William thought she was the most amiable little girl he had ever seen.

She adjusted her peasant's cap and smoothed the lace of her collar. Then she turned her head a trifle and smiled at him and back came William's memory with a rush. "Why, you're — you're Mary Jones!" he cried in amazement.

"Of course I'm Mary Jones," she replied with a little shrug. "What's so queer about that, I'd like to know?"

"And you live —"

"I live in Kreigwallensteinberg. I've lived there ever since I was born."

William was puzzled. "You never have been outside of Bungalia?" he inquired. "Never!" Mary Jones was quite positive.

William frowned thoughtfully. "Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"You are the new king, I suppose," said Mary, "though you don't act much like one. Aren't you rather young to be a king?"

William coughed in embarrassment and climbed hastily back to the driver's seat. There are times when kings would prefer not to argue.

As the coach rattled along the highway, William pondered the strange circumstance of the meeting. The girl looked like Mary Jones. Her name was Mary Jones, and she had blue eyes, golden curls and a sprained ankle. And yet she wasn't the Mary Jones he had known back home in New York! William was perplexed.

The royal coach created a sensation when it reached the capital city. One window broken and a peasant girl inside, all the attendants missing, and the king himself on the driver's seat! The simple tradesmen could only stand and stare. But after the equipage had passed, their heads and tongues began to wag.

With a fine flourish William drove into the courtyard. To the lackeys who ran to meet the coach he shouted: "Summon the royal doctors and carry this young lady to the Rosebud Suite in the West Tower. And see that you are gentle about it!"

"Your Majesty is more than kind," said Mary Jones gratefully as the servants opened the door. "I — I don't deserve it. I'm only a poor peasant girl, and you are king. It's — it's wrong of you — I mean your Majesty."

William bowed low. "The king can do no wrong," he replied graciously.

Mary Jones — the name is a common one in Bungalia — was quite as thrilled and happy as any girl would be who is suddenly transported from a lowly little thatched cottage to such a place as the Rosebud Suite. She forgot all about her ankle as they carried her into the sumptuous drawing room and placed her on a rich divan. All she could do was stare about her — at the beautiful walls covered with hand-painted rosebuds and rose leaves, at the ornate gilt furniture, the long mirrors, the oil paintings on the walls and at the quaint bronzes and bits of statuary standing here and there.

She turned reluctantly and looked out of the window. How high she was! Why, there far below were the roofs of the houses and the people — mere specks of people they were, moving about in the streets. And there, just above her were the big white puffy clouds that seem always — at least in pictures — to hover over castles and palaces. Mary was sure she could touch them if she had a long ladder and some one to hold it at the bottom. And she was quite sure also that if only she could always have such a place all to herself she would be willing to sprain

her ankle every other day! She closed her eyes and lay back to think and to dream. Never before had she been so happy.

The first thing William did, on making sure that all the royal doctors were on their way to the Rosebud Suite, was to enter the royal kitchen and conceal himself behind the door. He wanted to see how the preparations for the evening banquet were progressing.

Evidently they were progressing with alacrity, if not with perfect smoothness. There were twenty cooks and fourteen scullery maids, and all were working as if they had not a second to spare. Oven doors were banging; pots and pans were crashing and clattering; gravy was sizzling; coffee was steaming; pepper and spice were flying about, and everybody was sneezing.

The head cook pulled open the door of one of the ovens, yanked out a roasted fowl, stabbed it viciously with a fork and then waved his hand. Up came a scullery maid with a huge platter. Flop went the fowl into it; swish went the gravy over it, and away went the girl with it on the run.

Just then Sapp entered the door. He was right in the girl's way, and only his wild leap to one side prevented a catastrophe.

At that point William stepped outside. "Things are moving," he said to himself, "especially the Minister of the Interior!"

(To be continued.)

A Puzzling Word

BY CELIA E. SHUTE

Aunt Nell last night was puzzling me, with a funny guessing game, She'd give me a description and make me guess the name.

I guessed and guessed, but Aunt Nell said, "Oh, no, my dear, all wrong, Put your wits together, Isabel, and think, think hard and long."

Now would you know, suppose Aunt Nell asked me to name a thing

That was longer than my bed, yet smaller than a common house-fly's wing;

That died as soon as it was born, yet lived for many a year; That was liked in other countries, but disliked over here;

That I had held in both my hands that very afternoon,

And yet would find as hard to grasp as 'twould be to reach the moon;

That was never in America, but was out in Grandpa's stable;

That people couldn't live without, and to live with were unable?

I guess you'd have been discouraged, and have said so hopelessly, And told Aunt Nell that such a thing could never, never be.

I did, and then a whisper came ('twas another aunt, Aunt Jane),

That all was true, because the word was, rain, rein, reign.

The Infant Flapper

A small boy who was the youngest of a large family accompanied his mother to see his married sister's new baby. After barely glancing at the baby he wandered idly round the room; soon he became absorbed in the contents of the baby's basket.

After turning over the various dainty trifles that it contained, he picked up a powder puff. Turning to his sister, he said in shocked tones: "Isn't she rather young for that sort of thing?"

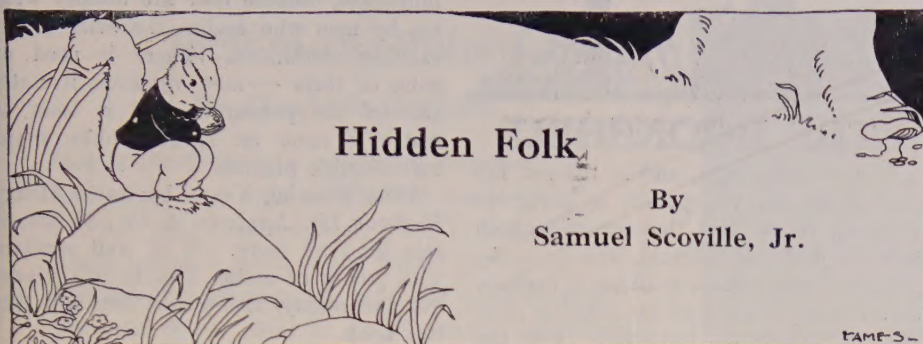
— *Youth's Companion.*

Said a snail as it climbed a tree: "I'd fly if I was but a bee!"

Said a bee with a buzz:

"If you were, not you 'was' — But you can't, and I am, don't you see?"

— *New York Herald Tribune.*



Hidden Folk

By
Samuel Scoville, Jr.

THE swamp maples showed rose-red and gold-green in the warm sunlight, and the woods were etched lavender-brown against a heliotrope sky. The bluebird, with the sky-color on his back and the red-brown of earth at his breast, called, "Far-away! far-away! far-away!" in his soft sweet contralto. From a wet meadow a company of rusty blackbirds, with short tails and white eyes, sang together like a flock of creaking wheelbarrows, with single split notes sounding constantly above the squealing chorus. Beyond the meadow was a little pool, where the air was vibrant with the music of the frogs. The hylas sang like a chest of whistles, so shrill that the air quivered with their song. At intervals, a single clear flute note rose above the chorus, the love-call of the little red salamander; while the drawling mutter of cricket-frogs, the trilled call of the wood-frogs, and the soft croon of the toad added delicate harmonies. Near-by a song-sparrow sang wheezingly from a green-ling willow tree, but its note sounded flat compared with the shrill, high sweetness of the batrachian chorus.

Near the top of Prindle Hill was a dry, warm slope, with stretches of underbrush, pasture, and ledges of rock rising to the patch of woods which crowned the crest of the hill. Beyond was a tiny lake. Everywhere along the sunny slopes were small round holes bored through the tough turf. As the sun rose higher and higher, little waves of heat penetrated deep below the grass-roots.

Suddenly, from out of one of the holes, a little pointed nose was thrust, and a second later the first chipmunk of the year darted above ground from the burrow where he had slept out the long winter. His dark pepper-and-salt-colored back had a black-brown stripe down the center and four others in pairs along either side, separated by strips of cream-white. His cheeks, flanks, feet and under side of his black fringed tail were of a light fawn-color, and he wore a silky white waistcoat. Erecting his white-tipped tail, he sat up on his haunches and, tipping back his head, he began to sing the spring song which every chipmunk must sing when he first comes above ground at the dawn of the year. "Chuck-a-chuck-a-chuck-a-chuck-a-chuck," he

chirped loudly, at the rate of two chirps per second.

At the very first note sharp noses and bright black eyes appeared at every hole, and in a second a score or more of other singers had whisked out and joined in the spring chorus, each one bent on proving that his notes were the loudest and clearest of any on the hill. One of the last to begin was a half-grown chipmunk, who had been crowded out of the family burrow by new arrivals the autumn before. Fortunately for him, however, the next burrow was occupied by a chipmunk of an inquiring disposition. Said disposition caused him to wait to investigate the habits of a passing red fox. Thereafter his burrow was to let, and was immediately taken possession of by the young chipmunk aforesaid.

This new tenant came out timidly, even when he felt the thrill of spring. Once above ground, however, he simply had to sing. At his very first note, he sensed a difference between his voice and those of all the others. Whereas they sang, "Chuck-a-chuck-a-chuck," he sang, "Chippy, chippy, chippy." To his delighted ear his own higher notes were far superior to those of his companions, and he shrilled away, ecstatically, with half-opened eyes. Ten minutes went happily by. Then a singer on the outskirts caught sight of a marsh-hawk quartering the hillside, and gave the alarm-squeal as he dove into his hole. The song broke in the middle, as every singer whisked underground and the annual spring song was over. Thereafter the customary caution of a chipmunk colony was resumed.

At first Chippy ventured but seldom outside of his new burrow. Far in under the turf was a store-house, filled by its first owner full of hazel-nuts, cherry-pits, wild buckwheat, buttercup seeds, maple-keys, and other chipmunk staples, all carefully cleaned, dried and stored. On these he lived largely during the first few weeks of spring. Thereafter began an unending search for food. Then on the far side of the slope he found a thicket of hazel bushes, which had been overlooked by the rest of the colony. Thence he would return to his burrow, looking as if he had a bad attack of the mumps. Really it was only nuts. Twelve hazel-

nuts or four acorns were Chippy's tonnage.

Then came a day when he entered his front door with a flying leap, only to find a burly and determined stranger blocking his way. A bustling and lusty bachelor from another colony had spied the burrow from the stone wall, the broad highway of all chipmunks, and had decided to make it his own by right of conquest.

In vain Chippy fought for his home, at first desperately and then despairingly. The other chipmunk had the advantage of weight, experience and position, and Chippy was forced slowly out into the wide world. Squealing and chirping with rage, with his soft fur fluffed up all over his sleek body, he came out into the sunlight. He saw nothing, heard nothing, scented nothing, hostile. Yet, obeying the little alarm bell that rings in every chipmunk's brain, he dashed desperately for the shelter of the stone wall. It was well for him that he did. As he crossed the wide stretch of turf like a tawny streak, there was a whirl of wing-beats, the flash of a gray-brown body balanced by a narrow black-barred tail, and the shadow of death fell upon him even as he neared his refuge. With a frightened squeal, Chippy put every atom of the force which pulsed through his little vibrant body into one last spring. Even as he disappeared headlong into a chink between two large stones, a set of keen claws clamped vainly through the long hairs of his vanishing tail, as a sharp-shinned hawk somersaulted with a backward sweep of its wings, to avoid dashing itself against the wall. For a moment it vibrated in the air with cruel crooked beak half-open, searching the wall with unflinching golden eyes, and then skimmed sullenly away.

In a minute a pointed nose was poked out from the stones and carefully winnowed the air. Satisfied that the coast was clear, Chippy at last scurried up to the top of the wall, where he could see on all sides, with a wide cranny conveniently near; for a chipmunk who desires to live out all his days must never be more than two jumps from a hole. Sitting up on the stone, he produced from one of the pockets which he wore in either cheek a large hickory nut, which had been pouched there all through his fight and flight. Holding it firmly in both his little three-fingered, double-thumbed forepaws, he nibbled an alternate hole in either side, through which he extracted every last fragment of the rich, brown kernel within. While he ate, there was never a second during which his sharp black eyes were not scanning every inch of the circumference of which his stone was the center. There was not an instant that his sharp ears were not pricked up to catch the slightest sound,

(Continued on page 177)

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,

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THE BOOKSHELF

One of these days, and in the not far distant future, the public is going to wake up to the fact that athletics, both amateur and professional, are in a deplorable state, and we shall see a reaction that will shock some of the existing idols off their ill-gotten pedestals. For the last thirty years athletic contests both in colleges and secondary schools have had a strangle-hold on a good many of these institutions, which has worked untold harm on the educational development of the students, and in many cases has entirely unfitted the athlete himself for his life.

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a professional "athlete" — there are "million dollar" sluggers and "million dollar" swatters, who are over-endowed with muscle and brawn, and usually equally underequipped with brains; but these so-called "kings" are not athletes, and they contribute nothing to sport, or in most cases, to anything else. The professional player is trained in all the "tricks" and "dirty work" that have been invented and there are mighty few of them that aren't apt pupils.

The ridiculous idea that the value of a "prep" school or a college to the student may be gauged by its "athletic" record has encouraged some to permit the use of "ringers" on the teams. A "ringer" is a fellow with some promise as a player whose expenses are either paid outright by some means, or who is allowed to "run" a laundry or have some other means of revenue, but who seldom takes any active part in the business which he is supposed to be conducting.

A lot of damage has already been done to the minds of the young fellows who will soon enter the secondary schools and the colleges. The publicity given to the so-called "heroes" of the college and professional fields has given the young people the wrong slant on the purpose of athletics. Most of the books that have been written about school and college games have helped to counteract these

influences, because they are usually written by men who realize the evils of the existing conditions. There is need of more of them — new, vigorous, live stories of the preparation of a team to match a team on sportsmanlike plans with eligible players.

"The Winning Year," by Ralph Henry Barbour (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.75), is this kind of story. It is well written, with plenty of action, true to life, vigorous and manly. Every real boy will like this book.

Another book on the same general theme is "Mayfield's Fighting Five," by Harold M. Sherman (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.75). Here the team not only accomplished their purpose in an athletic contest, but finally awakened the interest of the community in the clean sports of the Mayfield team.

News from the Schools

The "Golden Hour Club," of nine boys and six girls, who are members of the Junior High School Class of the First Unitarian Church School of Erie, Pa., is doing some good work. From the proceeds of plays given they have placed shrubbery in the rear church yard, bought new service books for their own class, have given twenty-five dollars to the church, and are prepared to plant further flowering plants in the church yard as well as to pay for the plumbing necessary to install the water for sprinkling. They meet once a month for Sunday dinner, note-book work, and a business meeting. Richard Pinks is president and Mildred Carpenter is secretary and treasurer.

The school of the Second Unitarian Church in Somerville has been reorganized and is now doing excellent work under the leadership of the minister, Rev. Thomas Turrell. The interest of the older boys has been enlisted: one acts as treasurer of the school and another has organized a basket-ball team composed of younger members of the school. A group of Camp Fire Girls has also been organized under the leadership of Mrs. Turrell. Mr. Dudley Moore, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is leading the older pupils in a discussion of the subject of Evolution, which is proving a very interesting course.

The superintendent of the Preble Chapel School, Portland, Maine, Rev. A. G. Pettengill, prepares for his pupils a series of lessons on the Life and Teachings of Jesus. These lessons are in the form of questions and answers, are printed by mimeograph on single sheets and are handed to the pupils on the Sunday preceding the date of the lesson. A cradle roll with about thirty names has recently been established in this school.

Humor

If you will look about you today, you will notice the people that are really the happiest in this life are the ones who possess that thing we call humor. It doesn't mean laughing at people. It means laughing with people. It is getting hold of life with a cheerful spirit instead of letting life get hold of you. It is being ready to say, "Life is a wonderful game and worth playing cheerfully," instead of saying, — well, I don't need to tell you what grumbling people say about life. But you have heard them, and whenever you do, think of what I have told you about humor, and then laugh at the hard tasks instead of grumbling at them.

When the Year is New

BY ELSA GORHAM BAKER

Mist of green veils the hillside far
Where the tall white birches their slim
forms lift;

Sea-blue sky holds an arch above
And over it slowly the white clouds drift.

Golden willows thrust forth their leaves
Lest they miss their share in the warmth
of Spring;

Alder thickets with careless haste
To the vagrant breezes their catkins
fling.

Cowslips lush crowd each lowland
brook;

Small frogs in the pools sing the whole
night thru;

Nature thrills with the joy of Life
And the world seems good when the
year is new.

Dear Marjorie and Charles:

We have a radio in our house, now, and Daddy lets us sit up a half an hour later to hear it. We heard some music from WEAF in New York last night. Do you suppose your daddy and mother were there, listening to it? Our big Angora cat, Topsy, doesn't know what to make of the radio. She growls, and makes funny noises and raises her back when we start it going. This morning, for fun, I lifted her up near the loud-speaker, and you should have seen her jump out of my arms. She almost knocked me over, too.

Write us and tell us what your daddy and mother are doing in New York.

Your loving cousins,

HARRIET AND PAUL.

P.S. It is snowing again, and yesterday it looked like spring.

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Jack-in-the-Pulpit

By Elizabeth Goggins

Jack-in-the-Pulpit's a wonderful preacher,
And at the same time a very wise teacher,
I'll tell you, dear children, what I heard him say,
While taking a walk in the woods yesterday.
The sun was shining, the bluebells were ringing,
The wild-flower choir in Jack's church was singing,
As he stood in his handsome green pulpit tall,
And preached this good sermon to one and all:
"My dear little children, I'm speaking today
Some words which the wood people asked me to say.
This is the message to you they are bringing,
Listen and hear what the choir is singing:
'We just love to have you come and enjoy us,
But please, oh, please, dearies, do not destroy us!
If you keep on pulling us up by the roots,
There soon will not be any wild-flower shoots,
And then think how sad for the great and small,
When the woods have no flowers growing at all.
We just love to have you come and enjoy us,
But please, oh, please, dearies, do not destroy us!'"
Jack said every word that the choir sang was true,
And that it applied to the grown-up folks too,
The sermon was very soon ended and then,
The wild-flower choir sang loudly, "Amen!"



Hidden Folk

(Continued from page 175)

and his keen nostrils to sniff the faintest scent, that would indicate the approach of death in any of the many forms in which it comes to chipmunks.

His meal finished, Chippy turned his instantaneous mind to the next most important item of life. On his list of necessities, HOME stared at him in capitals just under the item, FOOD. A stone wall makes a good lodging-house but a poor home, for it has too many doors. Wherefore, Chippy scampered along the top of the wall, his tail erect like a plume, scanning the hillside as he ran for a good building-site. At last he came to a dry bank covered with short, twisted ringlets of tough grass, which sloped up from the stone wall and ended in a clump of sweet fern. With a flying leap he struck the middle of the bank, and with another bound was safe in the depths of the sweet fern.

From there he commenced to dig. No one has ever yet found a fleck or flake of loose earth near the entrance to a chipmunk house. This is because he always starts digging at the other end. Working like a little steam-shovel, within a few days Chippy had dug a series of intersecting tunnels, of which the main one ended between two stones at the base

of the wall. Far down among the roots of a rotting stump, he made a warm nest of leaves and grass. From this sleeping room a twisted passage led to a rounded storeroom on the other side of the stump. No less than three emergency entrances and exits were made within a ten-foot circle; and beside the bedroom and storeroom he dug a kitchen midden, where all refuse and garbage could be deposited and covered with earth, in accordance with the custom of all properly brought-up chipmunks. When at last every grain of earth had been carried out through the first hole among the overshadowing ferns, he sealed it up from the outside, and covered the packed earth with leaves. Then he took a day off. Climbing to the top of the wall, he perched himself where a single bound would take him to the main entrance of his new home, and with his little nose pointed skyward, told the world, at the rate of one hundred and thirty chirps per minute, what a wonderful home was his.

A Warning

BY SUSIE M. BEST

Don't you go to Grumble Town,
For that's the place to get a frown.
To fix a dimple in the cheek
It's Sunshine City you must seek.

Colored Daylight

THE suns composing a multiple star, says Jean Henri Fabre in his book, "The Heavens," generally have different colors. Whereas one is white, yellow or red, others will be green or blue.

Our sun is white, meaning that it sends us white light. If it were to radiate blue light, all objects on earth would appear to us as they would if we looked at them through blue glasses. Daylight itself would be blue. It would be red with a red sun, and green with a green sun.

Imagine that the center of our solar system had three or four suns instead of one, which we have, and imagine one of them to be white, another blue, another red, and a fourth green. Over the same hemisphere of the earth these suns would be visible one by one or two or three at a time, or all four together. For most of the time there would be no night, for hardly would one sun have set than another would rise. But even an uninterrupted day would have variety, for white daylight would be succeeded by red, green, blue daylight.

Thus there would be days with two suns, three suns or four suns, an endless display of colors and heat effects with a mixture of the primordial rays in changing proportions. These magnificent solar effects exist in reality on planets that have a multiple star instead of a sun.



Dear Scribblers:

The first letter in our box this week is about winter sports in Maine, but with a kindly thought, too, for our Club member in Virginia who is caring for an invalid mother. A new member in Rochester, N. Y., has also sent a letter to Hazel. The editor is grateful to both the old member and the new for acting on her suggestion.

PROSPECT HARBOR, MAINE.

Dear Editor: My winter term of school closed Friday for a vacation of three weeks. We like our teacher very much. Her name is Miss Dorothy Tapley. Two of my schoolmates, William Cole and Stanley Bridges, have a camp near William's home which they built themselves out of logs. We had a picnic supper there last Saturday. We skate, snowshoe, and ski, and also slide on sleds. We can almost always do one or the other any time. I have a lovely cat whose name is "Tom." He is yellow with good thick fur which is striped. He weighs twelve pounds and he knows a lot. Once this winter he turned on the electric lights in the shed from a switch over the wood-box.

We sent a box of books to Hazel Cox who lives in Dodson, Va., which I hope she got all right on her birthday, March 6. We had a Valentine box in school on February 14th, which was fine. We all got a lot and some came from far away, too.

I always read the letters in the Beacon Club the first thing when *The Beacon* arrives.

Sincerely yours,

MIRIAM ALICE COLWELL.

90 ROSEDALE STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Editor of *The Beacon*: I am very much interested in the Beacon Club and would like to become a member. I am thirteen years of age and I go to the Unitarian Church of Rochester. Dr. Plank is our minister and Dr. Lapp is my class teacher.

Although I am not a member of the Beacon Club I wrote to Hazel Cox, whose letter I saw in *The Beacon*, and I am waiting anxiously for an answer.

Yours truly,

MARY DUNNING.

Dear Cubs:

Can it be that you are still sleeping? Not a bit of verse has reached us about the coming of Spring. Janet Cook, of Leominster, Mass., wins the prose award, and Marion Mahoney, of Wilmington, Del., the prize for the best verse.

THE EDITOR.

Starlight and Sunshine

BY MARION MAHONEY (AGE 10)

The stars and the moon together
Are shining very bright,
But the light of the sun is brighter
Than the stars and the moon at night.

The Little Daisy

BY JANET COOK (AGE 10)

THERE was once a garden and outside this garden grew a little daisy which nobody cared for. Every morning she lifted up her little head and smiled to the sunshine as only a flower can smile.

One day when she lifted up her head she saw that her friend the lark was gone. He had been caught in a cage and she could no more listen to his sweet song.

It was a bright and sunny morning when two little children came out into the garden. They saw the little daisy and pulled her up by the roots. They took her to the cage where the lark was and put her in with him and left her there. Then the children went away. They were gone all day and the poor daisy and the lark were nearly dead with thirst. The little daisy's petals were drooping, but then someone had seen them. All of a sudden it began to rain and the daisy drank the water from her petals and the lark drank from the little pools, — and so their lives were saved.

BILLERICA, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to The Beacon Club. I am in the fourth grade. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. I should like to have The Beacon pin. I have two sisters, one is ten and the other is three.

I like *The Beacon* very much. I like the poem of "Baby by the Fireside" very much.

I remain,

FRANCES REYNOLDS.

Enigma

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a human being.
My 8, 2, 3, is a color.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is a part of the body.
My 8, 9, 2, 1, is a horse and cart.
My 10, 2, 8, is an animal.
My whole is a city in New Hampshire.

ELLEN KENNEDY.

Anagram Verse

"Lufl anym a egm, fo spteur yra sernee
hte krda, duenmfoah saeve fo neao ebra;
ufl yamn a worlfe si rbno ot ulsbh sunnee
dna eatw sit tewness no eht edetsr
ira." — *The Portal*.

A Spring Flower Charade

My first in hike, is not in walk.
My next in try, is not in balk.
My third's in camp and not in tent.
My fourth in scout, is not in lent.
My fifth's in spring and not in fall.
My sixth in tent, is not in wall.
My seventh's in troop, and also truth.
My eighth's in health, and also youth.
In spring my garden, trim and neat.
Without my whole is not complete.

— *The American Girl*.

Twisted Dogs

1. Atisn Rbneda
2. Liceol
3. Ergamn Opelie
4. Eiaradla
5. Srnuas Folw Udohn
6. Ludbogl
7. Rwei-iarhde Ofx Irrteer
8. Ostbno Rirtree
9. Genshil Tesert
10. Kpeseisn

MARGARET BEREZ

Answers to Puzzles in No. 27

Enigma. — April Showers.

Anagrams of States. — 1. California
2. Florida. 3. Minnesota. 4. Louisiana
5. Virginia. 6. Illinois. 7. Michigan
8. Georgia. 9. Massachusetts. 10. Pennsylvania.

Hidden Vegetables. — 1. Corn. 2. Turnip
nip; kale. 3. Onion. 4. Endive. 5. Pear
bean. 6. Tomato. 7. Spinach. 8. Pumpkin
9. Beet. 10. Radish; potato.